UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

THE ACCUSERS

A One-Act Play in Verse

By Jay G. Sigmund

A Peace Worker's Memories of Andrew Carnegie - - *Edwin D. Mead*

Sanctions, Blockade, and War - - - - - *H. Runham Brown*

Gandhi Today - - *C. F. Andrews, Miraben, Krishna Vir*

The Study Table - *George Maychin Stockdale, Charles A. Hawley, John Haynes Holmes*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

International Sunday

The Cincinnati meeting of the Unitarians voted unanimously to appoint Sunday, January 12th, as "International Sunday," and to request all the ministers of its fellowship to preach upon some aspect of international religious liberalism as represented in the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom.

The International Association is the continuation of the International Congress organized in May, 1900, on the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association. At the Congress held in Copenhagen a year ago it was unanimously voted that a Sunday be designated each year as an International Sunday, that the President of the International Association send a word of greeting which might be read in the churches, and that the ministers be requested to explain the community of interests, the "mutual concernments," which bind together the loosely organized religious liberals throughout the world. At an Executive Committee meeting of the International Association held in Utrecht last September, January 12th was designated as the day of international observance.

Our friends in Great Britain, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Transylvania, India, and the Philippines, not to mention those in smaller groups, have pledged themselves to this endeavor. The Cincinnati meeting urges upon you its importance. If all the churches of all the groups respond, then the community of interest which binds religious liberals together throughout the world will be explained to some twenty million people. If all the liberal ministers of all the world will give newspaper publicity to this cooperative endeavor, news of our brotherliness will reach a far larger number.

Today the very principles of liberal religion are being seriously challenged. In some countries religious liberalism is overwhelmed by tyranny. Here is an opportunity for us to proclaim our religious independence. Here is an opportunity to remind the great constituency of all our churches throughout the world that millions of men cherish the same ideals and enjoy the same intellectual rectitude.

LOUIS E. CORNISH, *President,*
American Unitarian Ass'n.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVI MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1935 No. 8

GREETING

I salute you.

I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not got; but there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it, you can take. No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take heaven! No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant. Take peace!

The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it, yet within our reach, is Joy. There is radiance and glory in the darkness, could we but see; and to See, we have only to Look. I beseech you to Look.

Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts by their covering, cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering and you will find beneath it a living splendor, woven of Love, by Wisdom, with Power. Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the Angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial, a sorrow, or a duty; believe me, that Angel's hand is there; the gift is there, and the wonder of an overshadowing Presence. Our joys, too: be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner Gifts. Life is so full of Meaning and Purpose, so full of Beauty—beneath its covering—that you will find earth but cloaks your Heaven. Courage, then, to claim it: that is all! But Courage you have; and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending, through unknown country, Home.

And so at this Christmas time, I greet you: not quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem, and with the Prayer that for you, now and forever, the Day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

From a letter written by *Fra Giovanni*—1513 A. D.

Christmas will be celebrated this year, we suppose, with the traditional festivities of the day. In Italy, we have no doubt, the worshippers of the nation will throng the churches—while the soldiers go on butchering Ethiopians. Germany, of course, will sing "Noels" in city and village—while compatriots of Jesus hide in their homes lest over-exuberant Nazis keep the holy day after the example of Herod. England still cherishes the spirit that Washington Irving described so memorably in his Christmas sketches—and will blow Italy right off the Mediterranean map if she interferes with the predominance of empire. As for America, we are a peace-loving nation—and prove it by setting out to build the greatest navy in our republic's history. John Milton, in his immortal "Hymn," tells us that

". . . peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

Milton gives the detailed picture of that first Christmas night, when

"Nor war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord
was by."

Such picture would hardly serve today! When these words are published, the world may already have plunged into the horror of another war. Or, more likely, the nations may have found some formula of agreement which will carry them through the present crisis. But, in either case, there is no peace, and Christmas will dawn upon a civilization more terribly doomed to arms and the slaughter of arms than any that mankind has ever known. Almost two thousand years since the birthnight in Palestine—and this is what we have come to! But none saw this more clearly than Jesus himself, and none taught with surer authority or more exalted rapture the way to escape such fate. We do not the will—the will of God to love and brotherhood!—When shall we learn, and therewith bring in the reign of peace?

Why is this matter of armed preparedness so important in the war and peace question? Because it is the talisman, so to speak, which reveals everything that is going on—the crystal ball, to change the figure, in which all the future can be read. Preparedness means a fevered world, a frightened world. Nations arm because they know war is coming, and they propose to enter this war, and they propose to emerge victorious and not vanquished. If they did not see, or feel, the impending struggle, they would not arm; or if they were resolved at any cost not themselves to have any part in the fight, they would not arm; or if they were concerned with designs and purposes which have no relation to victory or defeat on the field of battle, they would not arm. But they *do* arm—and therefore we know they propose to fight to win in a war which is

approaching. Personally, we have never been interested, in any primary war, in disarmament as a means of preventing war. We think this is putting the cart before the horse! Of course, huge armaments are themselves a dreadful provocation to belligerency. They enormously heighten the fever and fear of conflict. Like huge piles of ammunition, with sparks flying all about, they present the material for explosion. But arms are never an original cause. They are themselves the consequence of other and mightier causes which would drive men to fighting with sticks and staves, or even with bare fists, if they were denied battleships and bombing planes. Armaments, in other words, reflect that condition of instability, as precipitated by antagonistic political and economic forces, which leads to war as an earthquake to catastrophe. As long as these forces are at work, men will arm themselves for combat. A psychology is active in such case which no preaching or persuasion can beat down! But remove these forces, or even curb them, and armaments will disappear like guns and bowie knives from a town which has been subdued to law and order. Preparedness, at bottom, is one of the baleful symptoms of a sick world. Cure the world, heal the disease, and the symptom will pass.

The "No More War Movement" of London calls respectful attention to what British arms are doing in India, and to the parallel between British military operations on the northwest frontier of that country and the Italian offensive against Abyssinia. What is going on in India is a first-class war between the British-Indian forces on the one hand and the native Mohmand tribes upon the other. These Mohmands have the same curious idea that the Ethiopians have—that their country is their own, and that they are fighting to defend it against invaders. In order to crush the tribesmen, the British government mobilized 15,000 troops, with the usual modern accessories of bombing-planes and tanks, and has carried on an offensive which has included the bloody bombing of villages and caves, and the violent suppression of the enemy. Exactly like the Italian government, the British claim only to be "policing" their neighbors, and justify their attack by referring to numerous "incidents" as the excuse for invasion. That this war in India has received no such publicity as the war in Abyssinia, our English friends attribute to the fact, first, that the Indian foe is far less capable of self-defense than the Ethiopians; secondly, that "it has not suited the British interests that control our own press and the pro-British interests which dominate at Geneva to allow attention to be drawn to British aggression"; and, thirdly, that the attack on the Mohmands has not threatened the interests of any rival empire. The lesson to be drawn from this parallel is clearly stated by the London "No More War Movement":

> "They serve to illustrate the fact that it is either hypocritical for us (England) to be attempting to 'stop Italian aggression' while we are unwilling to deal with British aggression, or alternatively that it is absurd to attempt restraint of the Italian government when we are incapable of dealing with our own."

There used to be a maxim about "people in glass houses"; also, a New Testament passage about the "mote" and the "beam"!

Does anybody remember the happy time when Americans used to ridicule and denounce what they contemptuously called the English "dole"? Imagine a country, we used to say, which can't keep its workingmen busy! Could anything be more demoralizing, we used to add, than paying perfectly good laborers for being idle? If any one bit of evidence of the decline of Britain as compared with the United States was better than another, it was this "dole" system which we regarded with such scorn. Of course, we never really knew anything about the system, else we would never have called it a "dole,"—for it was not a "dole" at all, but a scientific structure of social government in which employers, employees and the state all had their appointed share of responsibility for the unemployed. But we were not interested in facts! We simply knew, or thought we knew, that England kept her workers idle while we kept ours busy, and that was enough. But now times have changed. We also have our unemployed—millions of them!—and we have to keep them alive. And do we find ourselves prepared, as England was prepared, with a scientific system of unemployed insurance to meet the crisis, which anybody but a 100 per cent American might have foreseen? Not at all! The depression struck us like a sudden cyclone, and we found ourselves with hordes of idle upon our hands, and with no method of taking care of them except through charity or government "handouts." The result has been, these last five years, the greatest splash and splurge of state relief ever known in human history. Money has been thrown 'round like water. Government relief agents have shoveled out dollars the way stevedores shovel out coal. In recent months there has been an attempt to establish work relief in place of relief itself—that is, find or create jobs for the idle—with the result of the greatest waste on the foolest projects ever known to man! This last year we did at last wake up to the fact that what we need, and must have, to meet such an emergency as this, is some form of social insurance. And so, a generation too late, we do what we laughed at our English cousins for doing while there was yet time. The "dole" was and is a model of perfection as compared with the waste, graft, government debt and general demoralization of our hapless and hopeless way of doing things. If we had a particle of humility in our souls, we would

apologize to the English. As it is, we shall probably be boasting fifty years hence that we discovered social insurance!

The President and Fellows of Harvard University have done an amazing thing. They have announced a plan for the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the founding of the College which has something to do with education. Not sports, or buildings, or rackets of any kind, but—*mirabile dictu!*—LEARNING is to be exalted in this festival! First of all, in the autumn of 1936, there is to be gathered in Cambridge, from all countries of the world, the greatest assemblage of scholars this nation and these times have ever known. In meetings large and small, in enormous public conferences and little, quiet seminars, the content of modern knowledge is to be restated by the outstanding authorities of mankind. That this will be an event of almost overwhelming significance is certain. Secondly, there is to be established, through gifts from graduates and the general public, a 300th Anniversary Fund, for the service of two perpetual purposes, both aimed "to strengthen the intellectual and spiritual life and increase the usefulness of the University." On the one hand, the Fund is to create a number of new professorships, "intended to reinforce teaching and research by affording to teachers and scholars of unusual scope and ability broader opportunities than have heretofore been available in American universities." The idea is to get the best men in the field of learning, and to liberate them for the guidance of youth and the search for truth. On the other hand, the Fund is to establish new "Harvard National Scholarships," intended to "open the door of opportunity for study . . . to more of the most promising youths from every part of the country." This two-fold project is a thing to kindle the mind and lift the heart. It would have been so easy, and so exciting, to have celebrated this third-century birthday with a great building program of stadia, clock-towers, gymnasia, and halls of learning! But Harvard has put all this aside, to serve and glorify learning itself. Never was there a nobler evidence of Harvard's unshaken and unshakable primacy among the universities of America. And thus early, Conant, whose dream this is, ranks himself with the immortal Charles William Eliot.

A glimpse of the American scene! A Wall Street speculator, Jesse Livermore, is actor No. I. An inveterate gambler, he wins and loses fortunes as another man might win and lose a few chips in a poker game. He gambles in women exactly as he gambles in money. Thus, his wives number, to date, three. Carried through bankruptcy, suspended from trading in the Chicago grain market, he has had his due turns in the divorce courts. Actor No. II, in this American scene, is Livermore's second wife, the former Miss Wendt, of Brooklyn. Married to Livermore in December, 1918, she secured a Reno divorce in 1932, and promptly married Walter Longcope, of New York, from whom she was divorced last August. Here, in the lives of these two persons, are five marriages and four divorces! Next upon the scene appears a boy, Jesse Livermore, Jr., aged 15 years, the older of two sons of the senior Livermore and his second wife. A court fight over the custody of this boy and his brother is pending, and meanwhile the lad lives in California with his mother, twice a divorcee. On Thursday, November 28th last, in the late evening, Mrs. Livermore and her son have a quarrel. According to newspaper reports, both are drunk—the mother so drunk that, for hours afterwards, she can give no intelligible answers to questions. In the course of the dispute, a gun is brandished and fired, and the boy is fatally wounded. And headlines from Los Angeles to Boston scream the story to the multitudes. The American scene, or a glimpse thereof! That part of the scene populated by the idle rich, who spend money they have not earned, whose lives are empty of everything but dissipation, who for sheer lack of occupation must fill their days with something, and turn, as such decadents always do, to gambling, drink, and sex! It is when we encounter an episode like this that we sympathize with the Puritans who denounce divorce, condemn gambling, and would outlaw liquor. But, deeper than any of these things, is a social system which breeds upon the surface of its life this putrid and poisonous scum. Some day we shall fulfil the ideal of New Testament Christians and Russian Bolsheviks, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat"—and then the Livermores will disappear!

We know of few things as interesting and heartening as the rehabilitation of the reputation of William Jennings Bryan which seems now to be proceeding vigorously at the hands of the historians. Simultaneously with this restoration, or re-creation, of Bryan's standing there comes the rapid crumbling of the reputation of Col. Edward House who, after the lah-de-dah cream-puffing of Professor Seymour, is now seen to be what he always was—a naive, simple-minded, enormously egotistical and fussy old meddler who, from beginning to end of the War, knew nothing about what was going on, and was thus handsomely exploited in their own interests by the Allied leaders. Bryan, in contrast, is now looming more and more in the war crisis of 1914-16 as a statesman who knew exactly what was going on, and, guided by sure instincts of peace, endeavored to lead the nation to the adoption of policies which might well have avoided the catastrophe of America's entrance into the conflict, and ended this conflict months before it was actually terminated. Walter Millis, in his widely-read *Road of War,* bore emphatic testimony to the wisdom and courage as well as idealism of Bryan. Now comes Ray Stannard Baker, in his latest volume of his great biography of President

Wilson, to elevate the late Secretary of State above all his contemporaries of the Wilson era. Referring to his appeal to the belligerents in September, 1914, Mr. Baker characterizes it as "broad, sound thought, with constructive ideas which Wilson was to profit by." Bryan's New York speech of October 4th Mr. Baker commends as "an eloquent and powerful appeal for the opening of negotiations." His letter to Wilson of December first presented "a fundamentally sound and statesmanlike case based upon ideas which Wilson himself was later to express." Summing up the whole story, Mr. Baker says, "One of the surprising features is the way in which Bryan looms up as the statesman of largest calibre among Wilson's advisors. His views were not only the broadest and most constructive, but most in accord with the President's own conception of America's rôle in the world." William Jennings Bryan was one of the great popular leaders of American history. His service as Secretary of State in Wilson's cabinet was the crowning glory of his life.

Jottings

UNITY *as a Christmas gift!* Could anything be better? If our readers enjoy it so much themselves, as they constantly say they do, surely their friends would enjoy it also. We respectfully yet eagerly suggest that one and all send UNITY subscriptions to these friends as an appropriate remembrance on the great festal of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men!"

Mussolini hopes to have his Ethiopian war ended by Christmas. Like Henry Ford, who wanted to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas! We had never before thought that the Italian dictator was like the Detroit automobile manufacturer. What a funny world!

Who says the Filipinos are not fit for self-government? Listen to this from the New York *Herald-Tribune*:

> "Military Service Projected For all Men in Philippines. Quezon Warns World in Plan For Fighting Force to Repel Invader. Says Peace is His Objective."

If this isn't statesmanship as we understand it in this modern world, what is it? A man who can adopt universal military conscription and call it peace is certainly worthy of the company of Mussolini and Hitler, Baldwin and Roosevelt.

When the Republicans celebrate Lincoln Day and the Democrats Jefferson Day, it would seem as though the very mountains must shake with merriment. We are sure that seismographs, planted at Springfield and Monticello, would reveal full many a jovial tremor.

A letter in *Zion's Herald* calls attention to the following comparative record:

(1) *War Casualties* (1776-1935)
Killed in all American wars—244,357.

(2) *Automobile Casualties* (1920-1935)
Killed by autos in fifteen years 388,936.

"Stalin spoke briefly, about an hour."

Pravda (Moscow.)

At last! After thirty years of preaching sermons an hour long, we have authority for our unshakable conviction that these sermons are *brief*. Now will our listeners be good! J. H. H.

A Christmas Meditation

On this holy day we worship at the altar of Joy.

All who are wise will endeavor to enter into the spiritual delights, which are the natural heritage of childlike hearts and childlike races.

For to miss the Joy of Christmas is to miss its Holiest Secret.

Therefore, we would withdraw from the cold and prosaic world of fact if only for a season, to warm ourselves by the fireside of fancy and take counsel of the wisdom of poetry and legend.

Blessed is he—
who has imagination enough to detect the music of celestial voices in the midnight hours of life,
who has vision enough to behold a guiding star in the dark mystery which girdles this earth,
who has faith enough to contemplate a world of peace and justice in the midst of present wrong and strife,
who has greatness enough to become at times a little child,
who has zest enough to take delight in simple things.

How much more abundant all of life would be if we could carry through the year the precious radiance of the Christmas-tide.

O Thou, who art the Secret of this radiance, Thou Indwelling God, we pray that Thou will revive in us the childlike mind that dares to adorn the world with loveliness and luster.

Help us to reclaim the power of ancient peoples to draw a halo around the drab and dreary outlines of existence.

Vouchsafe to us the fancy to visualize the splendor that ever hovers near us.

Grant us the wisdom to know that the heaven of blessedness is very close at hand and that all may enter therein, who have eyes to see, and ears to hear, and loving hearts to understand.

DAVID RHYS WILLIAMS

The Accusers

A One-Act Play In Verse

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MONOT—The Publican
RIZARD—The Innkeeper
DOAKERT—The Magistrate
HAZART—The Lawyer
MARY MAGDALENE—The Accused
JESUS OF NAZARETH—Who does not appear, but whose voice is heard off stage.

Time—The day upon which Christ forgave the woman taken in adultery.

Place—Rizard's Inn.

(Author's Note: The names of these characters are given a modern tang to emphasize certain modern traits in them, which seem slightly out of keeping with their times.)

(The four male characters of the play are seen in the inn of Rizard. Rizard is a huge man with a grey beard and blue robe and turban. Monot, the publican, is a small beardless man in yellow robe and green turban. Doakert is a medium-sized, beardless man in a red robe and white turban. Hazart, the man of law, is attired in a purple robe, with a turban of the same color. He has a thin black beard. The room is sparsely furnished in the traditional style of inns of the time. There is a "window," used as an exit on either side of the room.

The men are lounging about the floor and each has a cup of wine before him. As they talk, they occasionally stand or walk about as the mood fits. Rizard from time to time refills their glasses with wine. They are deeply concerned in a discussion of the thing which has happened that day. They took the woman taken in adultery [she was a habitue of the inn] before Christ and He has thwarted them in their plan to stone her to death. They are nonplussed and have met at the inn to discuss it.)

* * *

HAZART, *the Lawyer: (With feeling)*
I have seen much but never in my span
Of living have I seen or heard what we
This day have heard from this demented man
Who wrote upon the sand and then let free
This woman whom we brought; oh, how I hate
Our weakness, that we let ourselves be fooled
By the silken words of Him; the common fate
Of like women she deserved . . . I, schooled
In all the verbiage, in all the tricks of law
Was beaten by this mad poet; I, who stood and saw
This woman taken.

* * *

DOAKERT, *the Magistrate:*
Hazart, console thyself, for did not I,
The same as thou, allow myself to be
Fooled by that vagabond; I, too, stood by
While He was prating in simplicity
And I was disarmed because the things he said
Seemed to be harmless as the winds of fall—
Sounded like talk of one whose giddy head
Pays scant attention when he lets words fall:
All of His drool of casting stones I heard
And yet I stood, like thee, and never stirred.

* * *

MONOT, *the Publican: (With a show of bravado)*
I, too, stood by and cast no stone; I paused
An instant ere the missile left my hand—
I was in favor of her death . . . I caused
The plotting to expose her; understand,
I felt no fear and words the poet spilled
Had no effect on me, but thou art men
Wise in the law and sharp of tongue and skilled
In handling crimes and malefactors but when
Neither of you would cast a single stone,
What could I do against this man alone?

* * *

RIZARD, *the Innkeeper: (Nervously)*
My friends, I think we all were wise, most wise.
I claim no wisdom nor the lore of books
But there was something in that poet's eyes—
Something about His manner, in the looks
He cast on us; something I cannot tell
In simple words but when he spoke to me
Saying: "Cast now the stone," I felt the spell
Of something swift and powerful, then He
Wrote in the sand; my arm was like a reed—
Weak as a mullein, dead and gone to seed.

* * *

HAZART: *(Laughingly, as he rises and goes to Rizard who pours him another cup of wine from a great earthen pitcher)*
Oh, we are fools to talk of this slight thing
As though it were of import; I have seen
A thousand times those poets who could fling
Mere poet-words and make them swift and keen
And yet so simple they disarm and fool—
This craftsman Christ is one of this same kind:
He has been using sleek talk for a tool—
He has a simple healthy peasant mind—
But let Him beware, His kind how well I know;
He has outwitted us for just one day:
No doubt he chuckled when He saw us go—
No doubt The Magdalene remained to pray
For our poor souls, but let such fools beware
We are awake while they are praying there.

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Arousing from deep thought)*
Friends, I believe, already, I've a plan:
I have been given cause to feel as thee;
I am an honest and an upright man—
Why then be spit upon? Such ones as He
Deserve no quarter and the shameless flesh
He has defended will if given chance
Break down again; flame into sin afresh:
We have been foiled by one small circumstance—

Let us be ready and the woman's bones
Yet will be target for our clubs and stones.

* * *

MONOT: *(Going up to Rizard to have his wine-glass refilled)*
Ah, my good friend, I gather what's in store:
She is a lodger in this place of late:
She has had bed beneath this roof before
And it was here she met her sinning mate:
She will return and then I think you mean
We should be ready and should take our aim—
(Laughs heartily) Let every thrower cast his missile clean—
Not quite Christ's words but meaning much the same;
You mean, wise Doakert, drink till she come in
And then be ready, with or without sin? *(Laughs again)*

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Much pleased)*
Monot, thou are a wag, but thou art wise:
Thou art discerning in thy soul, methinks—
Come, Rizard, thou art he whose inn supplies
The place for murder and the place for drinks.
(Laughs) Mayhap before we leave, the poet too,
Will have a part in something which we do!

* * *

HAZART: *(Going over to Rizard for more wine)*
All this is simple as can be, my friends:
But I am law-trained and I always wonder
Less about beginnings; more of ends—
It is the outcome which I like to ponder.
Suppose this woman really has been healed—
Suppose this Christ is even more than man—
Suppose He is a God and keeps concealed
His true identity; suppose He can
Cause miracles; who then will stone? Who then?
Remember after all, we are but men!

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Scornfully)*
Amazed am I, that one of us should seem
Soft as the dough which housewives knead from flour:
I fear me if his ears should hear a scream
He would desert us; this must be the hour
When spineless ones are seen for what they are—
Do any more among us weaken so?
Certain it is we will not progress far
If there be in our midst his kind—then know
If any there be remaining half as weak
Let him he honest; let him rise and speak!

* * *

HAZART: *(Very much chagrined and anxious to show his courage)*
Ah, good Doakert, thou adjudged me ill;
Certain it is my heart is firm and right—
Thou hast been near me when I chose to kill—
Did'st see me falter? See my face go white?
This case is different; I would be sure
If all were well; my mind is now at rest:
I have a will to suffer and endure—
I will not flinch nor shrink from any test—
I have a missile ready in my grasp
For the woman when she lifts the inn-door hasp.

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Sagely)*
We should be ready but with caution act;
The woman is doubtless guilty of her crime.
We need no proof of this: it seems a fact—
And yet we should be cautious; bide our time
When she appears: question her; let her speak
And we should watch her manner; when her cheek
Blushes with shame, then we should question thus:
"Where Is The Master? Will He speak to us?"

* * *

MONOT:
Should we make search to find where He has gone?
There is a point for us to ponder on.

* * *

HAZART:
Oh, let a dog which sleeps go on in sleep—
Why stir Him? He has done His task this day
And gone some other place to talk of sheep
Lost in the night; His is the dreamer's way:
He found the woman near the spot she fell—
He banished us; forgave; He thinks all well!
(Laughs)

* * *

MONOT: *(Perplexed)*
I wish I might have closer watched His hand
When He stooped down and there before us all
Penciled a row of letters in the sand
And then again before He paused to call
For us to cast the stones; what did he trace?
Why did He keep that half-smile on His face?

* * *

HAZART: *(Getting up and stretching himself and yawning, and then going over to have Rizard pour him another glass of wine)*
We all were fools; why did we not remain
And hear what words the woman had from Him:
Such chance as that might never come again.

* * *

RIZARD: *(Shaking the pitcher and discovering it nearly empty he raises it and drains the dregs)*
We all are doltish or we could have known
Much more of Him and then much more of why
He readily forgave her; I have grown
From long experience over-sharp of eye:
When man pities woman as did He
Some cause is there; some reason there must be.

* * *

HAZART:
You mean, my Rizard, that this poet can
Be after all within his flesh a man?
(They all laugh boisterously)

* * *

DOAKERT:
Oh, here we sit and idly speculate
On what might be and here we wildly guess:
What does it matter; hers must be the fate
Of all adulterers; He amounts to less:
He is a weak word-player; nothing more—
Then what has His defence been started for?

* * *

HAZART:
Thou art in right, what care we for His kind?
A spineless teacher with a poet's mind!

* * *

RIZARD: *(Suddenly remembering something)*
Listen, my friends, about this time each day
The woman always comes; she enters in
Through that wide window in her harlot's way—
But mind you, friends, I knew not of her sin

When I gave lodging; she has paid me well
And her appearance was as other guests
And not a word of her did any tell—
Always she comes and takes her food and rests
In an inner room; no other thing I knew
Until today! I could not think it true.
(Assumes a very injured manner)

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Impatiently)*
I wish she would return; it seems most late:
Think you she may suspicion us and go
Another place while here we idly wait;
But hardly; by this time the people know
About her felony; no, she will appear—
The only spot which fosters her is here.

* * *

RIZARD: *(With an injured air)*
Surely, my friend, you know the deep chagrin
That comes from harboring one so deep in sin.

* * *

(Suddenly there is a footstep heard outside the right-hand window and each man looks toward the direction of the sound. Rizard hurries to one corner of the room where the men have left their stones and gathering them up he gives one to each of his companions and keeps one for himself. The men group together a short distance from the right-hand window and are in readiness to stone the one entering should it be Mary Magdalene. Suddenly the draperies part and Mary Magdalene slowly and cautiously enters. She is a beautiful woman, dressed in a light blue robe with a white veil-like head-dress. There is a look of intense spirituality on her face and it is for the moment shadowed by terror. Slowly, half-cowering in fear, she advances into the room from the right. The men hold their missiles poised and ready, but a look of astonishment crosses their faces and they shrink back. It is evident they are not prepared for the transformation which has come over the face of Mary.)

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Advancing slightly and with a show of courage which seems more enforced than real)*
Is this the woman? No, it cannot be;
The woman deep in sin had tangled hair;
I am in doubt; come right this thing for me:
Why stand with missiles poised and blankly stare?
Is this the one? Then why no stone or blow?
Question her; I would have you: I must know.

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE: *(In a deep musical voice)*
I was the woman, I was deep in sin
Like many a wavering soul has been before
I was enmeshed and blindly stumbled in
A world I hated; this and little more
Have I to say; but He hath crossed my path—
He understood; His touch hath made me whole;
Now I am unafraid of all thy wrath—
Thy stones can break me but He said my soul
Will not be harmed; if thou from guilt art free,
Send on your missiles; I am here for thee!
(The men are taken aback by this and they lower their arms but keep a tight grip on the stones which they hold. Doakert, a bit more bold than the rest, speaks):

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Blusteringly)*
We know thy kind; we know thy tricks as well;
Spare all this shamming and this play of thine:
Thou art the kind that fills the vaults of hell:
Thy words are silken like a heady wine
But we are men not caught in webs of silk—
We know thy methods and we know thy ilk!

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE: *(Smiling with confidence)*
I know thee well, I know thy inner hearts
For I have eyes and I can see thy roles—
I watched you strutting in your world-man parts—
I saw the very fabric of your souls:
I ask no mercy; I am here to kill—
Be ready with your boulders; throw them straight
But, oh, remember as I know you will—
Remember e're you settle on my fate:
"Be free from sin," He said, "then stone this one"—
Recall these words of God's own poet-son.
(The men are slightly taken off guard again. They step back and seem perplexed. There is a moment of hesitation and false movements and feints)

* * *

MONOT:
How couldst thou know, thou woman, tell us clear—
How couldst thou know if sin be in our hearts:
Art thou a sorceress, a sage, a seer?
Art thou a prophetess? Art skilled in arts
Of necromancing? We are men, 'tis plain
But are all men with canker and with stain?

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE: *(With an air of confidence)*
You are the men who back a little span
Were ready with your killer-tools, how brave
You seemed to be until that other man
Appeared upon the scene; until He gave
You ample chance to gain your killers' case
And yet no stone was cast; I knew my guilt
But all the evidence He had was traced
Beside the roadway in the moving silt:
You kept your sins inside; much worse the sin
Which, unforgiven, still can burn within.

* * *

RIZARD:
Come, woman, tell a single sin I clutch
Within my being. you who boldly say
That you are sinful and have loved too much:
Condemn me woman; strip the shades away
That hide my soul; if I am sinful then
Expose my canker to these other men!

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE:
Thou knowest thy sins. Thou, I and God alone,
If I be wrong then cast the first strong stone.
(Rizard is cowed by this. He shrinks back and does not even attempt to bluff further)

* * *

DOAKERT: *(Fawningly)*
Woman, what strange new beauty dost thou show:
I am in doubt regarding all thy past
But what does it matter? I would like to know
If all this new resolve of thine will last:
Thou art a clever woman; tell us, do,
What of this transformation, cannot we
If this amazing miracle be true,
Be freed from all iniquity as thee?
What did this Jesus say when we were gone?
Is there some hope that we may build upon?

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE:
"Now where are thine accusers?" this He said:

Then in the sands he wrote again; I bent
Above the letters but before I read
He murmured: "Those who come; those who repent
I will forgive." . . . But what of this? You brought
Stones for my flesh and you have cast them not.

* * *

HAZART: *(Throwing his stone in the corner of the room)*
I am grown weary of this bickering;
Too much of talk is like a thistle seed
Floating along upon a downy wing
And then let fall like any common weed;
I hate myself because this poet one
Has made us weak before the thing was done.
(He goes out with a disgusted air)

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE:
What care you, men, that he has left your side?
He was a man of sin, that much is plain:
Be glad that you are guiltless: throb with pride
That three of you are steadfast and remain:
Three stones are here; six arms; if free from sin
Take up your missiles and begin . . . begin!

* * *

DOAKERT:
In paradox thou speakest; once you say
You know our very souls, now you reverse
Your tactics and you take another way—
Once we are guiltless; then we sin or worse:
I can make nothing of thee, I retire,
Leaving you to the devil and his fire.

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE:
It only takes one stone to break the bones;
Two stones remain and these are ample stones!

* * *

MONOT:
Woman, thy guilt to me is plain as sun
Upon a new spring morning, but alone—
Even though mindful of the things thou hast done,
I will not be the one to cast the stone.
I leave thee, safe, for Rizard's sins are said
To be as red as trodden grapes are red.

* * *

(Rizard flies at Monot when he hears these words and they both go out the left-hand window fighting furiously.)

(Mary Magdalene clasps her hands and kneels by the right-hand window. For a moment she remains in silent prayer. Then she arises and goes to the window, opens the curtain for a little space and speaks to someone outside who is invisible.)

* * *

MARY MAGDALENE:
Oh, Master, it was as Thou saidst 'twould be:
I put them to the test, I am alone,
For one by one they threw their taunts at me
Yet one by one each put aside the stone.
Miserable sinner—that I am, Thy power
Cleansed me and healed me in that dreadful hour.
(Mary kneels)

* * *

JESUS OF NAZARETH: *(Speaking but unseen)*
Daughter thy soul was strained; I plainly saw;
Yet thou wert penitent; I asked no more:
The publican, the judge, the man of law—
The keeper of the inn; all these before
Have been forgiven, but again, again
They have returned to sinning; loving sin;
What use to wipe away a guilty stain
Of those whose souls are made to grovel in
The world's black cesspools; here thy soul may start
On a new journey; go with willing feet—
Go with a glad, new song within thy heart
And know forgiveness is a thing made sweet
Because the sickness of the soul is cured
By My Blood which later will be shed—
By the black suffering which I endured;
A cross assumed and carried in man's stead:
Mary, my flesh shall bleed upon crossed beams
For the dreams within my soul . . . My Father's dreams!

JAY G. SIGMUND.

Recollections

Before the dawn of the day on my first Christmas morning in Grace Hospital, Detroit, I heard the soft, sweet singing of a group of student nurses in pink dresses and white caps, each with a candle in her hand. Softly they walked, led by their Directress, successor of that great woman—Florence Nightingale of the Crimea—singing the angels' song which was sung so long ago over the cave of Bethlehem in proclamation of the birth of the Prince of Peace. As from corridor to corridor they passed, one of the chaplains of the hospital repeated the story of that Holy Night.

Young nurses of all nationalities, believing in diverse creeds, laid aside their differences and, with hearts and voices blending, sang in unity to soothe the pain and give comfort to the patients in wards and rooms. To me, in my declining years, it was a great comfort, lifting me above the clouds and starry blue sky into heaven.

Over the entrance of the building, in golden letters is "GRACE"; inside, GRACIOUSNESS everywhere. Differences in nationality and creed are forgotten by the men and women employed, and all work together for the love of mankind. They will carry that spirit with them wherever they go after finishing their work in this hospital.

That Christmas morning carried me back to the International Peace Conference in Washington where I was presented to the most humanitarian women in the Conference. They were seated in one group and among them was Julia Ward Howe who honored me with her poem, the national hymn. The last stanza of her poem lives with me always:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

H. D. GARABEDYAN*

[*Editor's note: Dr. H. D. Garabedyan, now in his late seventies, has been a patient in the Grace Hospital for several years. In his youth he was an Armenian refugee who sought education and a home in this country.]

A Peace Worker's Memories of Andrew Carnegie

[In commemoration of the 100th Anniversary of Carnegie's birth]*

I first came into personal touch with Mr. Carnegie in 1901. This was the time when Edwin Ginn, the Boston educational publisher, who afterwards established the World Peace Foundation, first became prominent in the peace cause. In a speech at the Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration that year, emphasizing the menace to the world from the great armaments and the lack of mutual confidence among the nations, he declared that the menace could be met only by far more effective organization for peace education, with much larger financial resources. He would like to see a fund of a million dollars contributed for the purpose, and he would be one of ten to contribute that sum. Soon afterwards, impatient for action, he gave the whole million himself, and it is always to be remembered to his honor that he was the first man in the world to give one million dollars for peace education. Mr. Carnegie's more munificent gifts soon followed. I was Mr. Ginn's long-time friend, and it was largely through our discussions and the literature which I gave him that his interest in the peace cause had been deepened. It was at my insistence that he had first gone to the Mohonk Conferences. I had been attending them regularly from 1896, and from a much earlier time had been a director of the American Peace Society. I became Mr. Ginn's adviser and helper in the development of his purpose; and it was in this connection that I called on Mr. Carnegie in New York. His interest in the cause was well known and he had taken an especially active part in the Anti-Imperialist movement and opposition to our conquest of the Philippines. He expressed warm interest in Mr. Ginn's proposal and promised generous cooperation; and what large things he was presently doing for the cause, we all gratefully remember.

In the autumn of 1901 I attended the International Peace Congress at Glasgow. This was in the midst of the Boer War, the wickedness of which Mr. Carnegie felt as deeply as he did our own Philippine iniquity. By interesting coincidence in the present connection, it was in the very week of the Glasgow Peace Conference that Glasgow conferred on Mr. Carnegie the freedom of the city, and our American delegates had the pleasure of being in the great hall at the ceremonial. Lord Mayor Chishol, the chief participant in the bestowal of the honor, was the presiding officer at the banquet given to the delegates to the Peace Conference. I was much impressed by the Glasgow Congress, the first of the Congresses which we attended in Europe, and felt a strong desire that we might have a session of the Congress in the United States. Before going over to the Congress of 1903, which met at Rouen, I wrote to Mr. Carnegie about it. I believed that if the expenses of a number of the European leaders not otherwise in position to come, but essential for success, could be partially met, the meeting here could be secured. He at once authorized the use of $5,000 for the purpose, and the Congress met in Boston in 1904. All members of our American peace party remember its impressive success, from the great opening meeting with the address by John Hay, then Secretary of State, to its close. It was the greatest Peace Congress which up to that time had ever met. There were half a hundred European delegates, including such leaders as William N. Cremer, whom Mr. Carnegie had earlier helped so generously in his work for the Interparliamentary Union, Baroness von Suttner, Baron de Neufville, Professor Quidde, Dr. Adolph Richter, Henri La Fontaine, John Lund of the Nobel Committee, Prof. Theodore Ruyssen, E. D. Morel, Pastor Charles Wagner, Rev. Walter Walsh, Dr. W. Evans Darby, George H. Perris, Dr. G. B. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. William P. Byles. I take space for this list, which might properly be made longer, by way of emphasizing the fact that these European peace leaders, familiar to American delegates through European congresses, were now brought to the personal attention of most of our American peace workers for the first time. This meant very much, the more because the Boston Congress was followed by important meetings in New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, to which many of these European leaders went. The whole effect of their coming, upon our movement here, was very great.

I was the chairman of the executive committee of the Congress and can say that the Congress could not have had its great success, indeed could not have been secured here then at all, but for Mr. Carnegie's generous encouragement. Many of the foreign delegates, of course, paid their own expenses, but some could not have done so. The very success of the Congress, so unprecedented, and indeed unexpected, entailed large and unforeseen expense. In caring for this, Mr. Carnegie, who was delighted with the results, added generously to his original contribution.

It was the same with the National Peace Congress at New York in 1907, largely stimulated by the success of the Boston Peace Congress. National Peace Congresses in the European nations had become regular. Many of our own leaders believed that this would not be easy in our large country. I did not believe it, and, at my urging, Mr. Carnegie generously gave $5,000 for the initial expenses in organizing the experiment. A New York Peace Society had been organized, of which Professor Samuel T. Dutton of Columbia University was the secretary, and he and Robert E. Ely of the League of Political Education rowed the strong oars. As chairman of the program committee, I was in such close touch as to know about all details, and the work of Mr. Carnegie as president of the Congress during that week, and before and after, was prodigious. The expense must have been very great, and the large share must have fallen upon him. He personally entertained a large number of foreign visitors at New York hotels, and his zeal was unremitting. Carnegie Hall was thronged, morning, afternoon, and evening, throughout the week, and the banquets at the hotels were brilliant affairs. None can ever forget the great opening, with Mr. Carnegie's own words, the address by Elihu Root, as Secretary of State, and by Charles E. Hughes, as Governor of New York.

A session of notable interest was the one for the New York school children, a demonstration organized with remarkable skill. There was impressive choral singing by a thousand of the children, with stirring addresses by William T. Stead, Baron D'Estournelles de Constant, and others. Mr. Carnegie was deeply impressed and when I said that an American School

*November 25, 1835-1935.

Peace League ought to be born of it, he heartily agreed and at once sent me a check for $2,500 to cover the initial expenses of starting it. This paid the salary of the secretary for the first year, and incidentals; some of the educators of the country gave their adherence as directors; new financial support came; and the League did a noteworthy work in the schools of the country—a work which, but for Mr. Carnegie's help at the start, probably would have been impossible.

The Congress altogether gave an impetus to the work of the New York Peace Society, of which Mr. Carnegie became president, and to the whole peace movement in New York which has endured and grown more and more. It also prompted the National Peace Congresses which at two-year intervals followed in Chicago, Baltimore, and St. Louis. At the St. Louis Congress in 1913, Mr. Carnegie was present. I gave an address at the St. Louis Congress on the Pan-Teutonic pledge of peace, which much interested Mr. Carnegie, urging the united action of the three great Teutonic nations, Germany, England, and the United States for world peace, a cooperation which I believed would be decisive. I was, of course, well aware of the strain between England and Germany. It had been brought sharply home to us in 1907, when we attended the International Peace Congress at Munich, following a week at The Hague during the second Hague Conference, with stays afterwards in Leipzig and London. In Leipzig, at a great popular gathering, we had been startled by the intense military tone of the patriotic demonstrations. Yet the bitterness and jealousy in England seemed to me at that time greater than in Germany. I published an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* early the next year touching the matter, emphasizing America's obligations to Germany; and in my 1913 address at the St. Louis Congress I warmly expressed my belief in the sincerity of the German Emperor's peace utterances which were rather salient and frequent in the years just before 1913. Mr. Carnegie had the same confidence. He believed in the Kaiser, whom he had personally met, and had the friendship and cooperation of Germany and England deeply at heart.

Already in 1907, six years before the St. Louis Peace Congress, Mr. Carnegie had given his rectorial address at St. Andrews, on "A League of Peace." That was a remarkable and prophetic address, perhaps the most important of all his public utterances. It was essentially in line with Mr. Taft's "League to Enforce Peace," which it preceded, and strikingly anticipated leading features of the League of Nations. I was in position to know the great amount of thought and effort which Mr. Carnegie put into its preparation, because he discussed it with me and at his request I furnished him, as I think others did, a collection of the strong utterances of the peace prophets, ancient and modern. I recall his delight with some striking word from an address by an old mayor of Dunfermline, his native place, of which he made effective use.

I do not remember Mr. Carnegie's attendance at any of the Mohonk Conferences. I think he usually left for his summer in England and Scotland before the time of the sessions the last week in May. I do remember his being at certain special conferences at Washington in years before the war, and I was present at the meeting in Washington at which was announced his founding of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The World Peace Foundation had been established by Edwin Ginn before this, and I was its director. Mr. Carnegie was from the first deeply interested in the Foundation and the things which he often said to me and my New York friends about my conduct of that work were of course very gratifying. He always seemed to like what I wrote and said. When at the beginning of 1914 he determined to found the Church Peace Union, with its endowment of $2,000,000, he wrote asking me to come and talk it over with him and urged me to take the executive direction of it. This was at the time of Mr. Ginn's death, and loyalty to him and his work forbade my leaving the World Peace Foundation. I did submit to Mr. Carnegie a plan for the possible merging of the Church Peace Union with the World Peace Foundation as the religious part of its work, but he felt, probably rightly, that the work of the Church Peace Union should be kept distinct. I was present at the meeting at his home when the Union was organized, and served for some time as a member of its original board of trustees.

We little divined at that meeting in the beginning of 1914 that the most dreadful war in history was just ahead of us. Mr. Carnegie, with his great faith in coming world organization, perhaps divined it least of all, for he was naturally optimistic. He was exultant at the progress of the peace movement in the years just before the war, and he foresaw the culmination of the long struggle in a League of Nations. We were in Europe in 1914 when, like a thunderstorm on a beautiful summer day, the war broke out at the beginning of August. I had some communication with Mr. Carnegie, then in Scotland, and in the following winter when he was back in New York, but I never saw him after the war broke out. I here recall our last communication as an illustration of his kindness of heart and his constant care for persons as well as for great causes. He had come to know through me a young German woman, a devoted peace worker, whom the war left in severe straits in her German home. He wrote that when I came to New York we must work out some proper provision for her, and meantime he depended on me to see that she did not suffer personal hardship. Ultimately she was provided with an annuity by the Carnegie Corporation.

It is not within the province of this survey to summarize in any way Mr. Carnegie's great and many-sided services for the peace cause. I am here concerned simply with certain aspects of it with which I had responsible personal relations. But he talked often of the other sides of the work, and I recall the special satisfaction and delight which he had in providing the Peace Palace at The Hague. It is interesting to recall that my last contact with his peace work was in connection with the Church Peace Union. Twenty years earlier he would not have cooperated so cordially with the church.

Mr. Carnegie also seemed warmly interested in theology and philosophy; in fact, his fertile and agile mind was interested in almost everything of importance. I have often said that, even if he had not been a very rich man and a munificent philanthropist, he would still have impressed by his intellectual scope and keenness every thoughtful circle in which he came into close contact. When I first knew him, he had a liking for turning talk to theological and metaphysical subjects; perhaps that was the Scotchman of it. I did not altogether like his philosophy. It was commoner two generations ago than today among intellectual men, mechanistic as I thought and rather remote from the religious view, not the thought of Darwin but of many Darwinians and Spencerians in the early days of the

Evolution controversy. I thought him sandy, and he probably thought me transcendental. He apparently had little use for the church. He came to have great use for it. His deep devotion to the peace cause was one secret of the change. He measured things by results, and he saw clearly that there was no other agency so steadily and resultfully concerned with the progress of peace as the Church. Here clearly was a force to be respected and to be enlisted, and he enlisted it. No aspect of his work thenceforward appealed to him more deeply. I think it brought a deepening of his own life. For such religious leaders as Bishop Greer, Charles E. Jefferson, and William P. Merrill, he had high honor. The Church Peace Union immediately created as a part of itself the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, with branches already in more than thirty countries. Some of these, as in England and Germany, exercised strong and widespread influence. The annual conventions in the United States stir the churches of the whole country. The work of religious reconstruction prompted by the European conventions after the war was beneficial in the highest degree. The whole peace movement in the religious world received new impetus and new direction when Mr. Carnegie founded the Church Peace Union.

EDWIN D. MEAD

Sanctions, Blockade, and War

When economic sanctions prove ineffective, they must be reinforced by blockade; then the danger of an "incident"; and then European war. This would be the natural sequence of events if there really were any serious intention of enforcing effective sanctions.

An "accidental incident": a too-zealous officer fires on an enemy ship, and a dangerous demonstration may become a European conflagration, the end of which no one can foretell.

But of course the allies—no, we called them that in the last war—the League powers have no intention of making economic sanctions effective. They know quite well that in present circumstances they cannot become effective without blockade and military sanctions. Both sides are bluffing, bluffing pretty desperately. When they judge that they have gained the maximum strategic advantage, there will be a deal—a deal at the expense of Abyssinia. She will be carved up again as she was in 1906, but this time Italy, having shown herself to be a first-class military power, will have greater consideration than formerly.

If all goes according to program, the military strength of Italy will not be broken. France still needs her as an ally against Germany, and Mussolini will not be so foolish as to press his advantage beyond the point where Great Britain sees no further interest in the new deal. When Mussolini marches his shattered, but "victorious," armies back, Fascism will be more firmly in the saddle in Italy, and Great Britain's new National Government will have filled the gaps in her military equipment and become virtually a dictator over the largest empire in the world.

But events do not always work out to program, and France is probably the most doubtful quantity. Fascism may well be in the saddle there before this business is finished. Or the plan may miscarry.

In contemplating this situation I oppose economic sanctions.

Whatever might be said for some form of economic pressure exercised by an all-inclusive League of Nations, consisting of disinterested states, to restrain the aggression of one nation which seeks to violate the independence of one of the member states, that is not the problem which is before us today. With three of the seven big powers outside the League, and one the actual aggressor, economic sanctions cannot be made effective without military action. Two big powers inside the League are directly interested, in fact the aggression is an attack upon their staked-out claims in Abyssinia. The Abyssinians are but pawns who, if not sacrificed one way, will be sacrificed in another.

The inherent chivalry in all peoples is being shamefully exploited. In their simplicity they only see a half-civilized and poorly-armed people being bombed from the air and demand that something must be done about it. This Italian outrage is advertised as a unique instance of "the Hun in history." Yet all imperialist powers have gained their possessions in exactly the same way and, while Adowa was falling into the hands of the Italians, Great Britain was actually bombing the Mohmands on the northwest frontier of India. These actions do not excuse Mussolini, but they compel us to look deeper when we demand that "something must be done about it."

What can be done to stop aggression? To arm Abyssinia and to give them a fairer chance in the struggle would seem to many people a first human right. But it is just the armed resistance of Abyssinia which will directly play into the hands of all the imperialist governments. Armed, they die to uphold the privileges of their oppressors, whether they be the present Abyssinian rulers, Italy, or another imperialist power. Armed, they forge the fetters of their own slavery.

To prevent arms going to either of the belligerents is our obvious duty, but it is equally our duty to prevent arms reaching all potential belligerents and in fact to stop manufacturing them at all. Why then do we not each support our respective Governments in exercising economic sanctions? Because we must first take care that any action we take will be capable of extension in the direction of resistance to an extended war throughout Europe. We have to ask, "Will economic sanctions, imposed by a group of imperialist governments, save the lives of the Abyssinians?" It is already too late to do that. "Will such action preserve Abyssinian independence?" Obviously that has been doomed from the beginning. Why then do our governments want to stop Italy? Is it not to preserve their "interests"? Are we prepared to align ourselves with our particular governments to support one imperialism against another in the pretense that we are saving Abyssinia? We must look deeper if we would save weak nations from the aggression of their stronger neighbors. The little states give their support to economic sanctions in the hope that the precedent created will serve them in their turn. It is a vain hope.

Our task is to build a real League of Nations, to demand that the world's possessions be placed before that Tribunal, to demand that each empire renounces its claims and shares its opportunities with its neighbors. The nationals of great imperialist nations have the largest responsibilities but those of the small states must insist that their governments show a more courageous attitude when facing the imperialist powers before the table of the League.

H. RUNHAM BROWN

London, England

Gandhi Today

[Editorial Note: The October-November issue of the *India Bulletin*, of London, was devoted to Mahatma Gandhi, his present life and work. We republish herewith three articles from this *Bulletin*, which we know will be welcomed by our readers. We may add that the *India Bulletin* is published monthly at 51 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2, as the organ of the "Friends of India," Laurance Housman, President.—J. H. H.]

I.

Mahatma Gandhi and the Villages

On this last visit to India I stayed with Mahatma Gandhi on three occasions and had many conversations with him. He is now remarkably well in health and entirely devoted to his village programme. The sequence, as it were, has been working itself out in his own mind. (1) The horror of untouchability in the villages. (2) The economic remedy of Khaddar, or home spinning and weaving, which should give a new moral dignity to life. (3) The uplift of the whole village life, whereof the Harijans are an integral part.

Thus his life is all of one piece and it is now reaching its great fulfilment. The foundation of the political structure of the future is thus being truly laid. Internal strength and moral purpose are being created and there is every hope of the future.

C. F. Andrews.

II.

The Light in Action

On October 2nd last, 67 years had gone by since Mahatma Gandhi was born. Our minds are, therefore, drawn to a contemplation of his life; what it means for each one of us individually and what it means for the world.

Both for the individual and the mass, it means an illustration of light in action. The individual can find in him a living example of human purity, love and tireless energy in the service of others; and the mass can find in him a guide, a voice, a saviour.

In this little article, I do not want to write a treatise on his life and teaching, but simply to try to bring a realization of him to the reader through an intimate picture of his daily life. That life is an open book, more inspiring than any number of essays and sermons.

Let us take a day during the Orissa Pilgrimage.

The pilgrims, a party of some 20 to 30 men and women are encamped for the night on open, raised land, by the side of a little river; stately palm trees stand around, and on the opposite bank, dim clumps of feathery bamboos half hide the mud huts of the little village. Everyone is sleeping, stretched on Mother Earth with the starlit vault of Heaven for a roof. It is between two and three o'clock in the morning.

From amongst the group of sleeping figures one arises—it is the slight, frail form of Gandhiji himself. After his ablutions, he sits down on a rug, with piles of papers surrounding him, and sets to work on some special letters and articles which have got to be written and for which he wants quiet. These early hours of the morning are his favourite time for such work. Later, the other sleepers begin to arise; some busy themselves in the camp, packing up for the morning's tramp; some tend the bullocks; some go to bathe in the river; and two or three come to Gandhiji to assist in the writing-work. By four o'clock all are ready for the morning prayer.

By this time, two or three dozen villagers have gathered, and we all sit around on the ground with Gandhiji in our midst.

After the prayer, comes breakfast at about 5:00 a. m. Gandhiji will take just a bowl of milk and a little fruit, and by 5:30 he is packed up and ready for the march. As he rises to start out, the peasants make a rush to get near him. Many who have come from long distances have been waiting all night to get a glimpse of him at dawn. He will greet them quietly, say a few words and pass on. And they, too, will follow after.

As he goes across the fields and through the lanes with his party, the villagers come running from their homes and line the wayside. The bullocks and ploughs stand idle in the landscape, for the ploughmen have all raced away to catch a glimpse of their beloved "Gandhi Maharaj" as he passes by. And he walks quietly on, apparently hardly noticing the people. His heart is silently with them, but his attention is given to a couple of men at his side with whom he is in deep conversation. All the while he is walking, his time is given to those who have questions and problems to bring to him. These two men now with him are local workers for the uplift of the Harijans (people of God—the name now given to the "untouchables"). They are pouring out to him all their experiences and all their difficulties, and after he has heard what they have to say Gandhiji will give them his guidance and advice. Then, no sooner has he finished with them than he will call up the next who wants his ear—this time it is a young widow who wants to leave her family circle and come out for national service. He cross-questions her closely, warns her of the many hardships which she will have to be prepared to face and the self-disciplining she will have to undergo. She promises she will bear it all joyfully for the sake of his cause, and he tells her she may go to the Ashram if the heads there accept her as strong enough to go through the training. And now comes up a fine, striking looking man dressed from head to foot in simple white home-spun cotton. It is one of the All-India National Leaders come to discuss some matter of vital importance regarding the present political situation.

The heat of the day is beginning and the several hundreds of villagers are by this time following and surrounding us. We are near the mango grove where the day camp is to be. By 7:30 or 8:00 a. m. we reach our destination. Straightway Gandhiji goes to the public meeting, which is under some trees nearby. A thousand or more village men and women have gathered around the little platform. In speechless joy, their eyes are pinned on the small golden-brown figure, dressed in nothing but a little white loin-cloth, and with his shaven head somewhat bent with years. He speaks to them in a quiet, stern voice and tells them how untouchability must be wiped out of Hinduism, otherwise Hindus and Hinduism are doomed to destruction. There can be no high and low, all are one in the eyes of God. And now, before leaving the meeting, he appeals to his audience, if they have understood his message, to give of their coppers for the uplift of their Harijan brethren. These simple peasants to whom he is appealing are themselves terribly poor; some

2d. a day will be their earnings, but nevertheless they will search out one of their two or three precious coppers and give it for the Sacred Cause. Gandhiji always says that the "widow's mite" is the most precious donation a cause can receive.

From the meeting he goes to the camp and, sitting down in a small enclosure of bamboo and matting, immediately starts on his writing-work where it was left off in the early morning.

By 10 o'clock he goes to his bath and after that takes his frugal meal of plain boiled vegetables, dried goat's milk and fruit, in his little enclosure. Even at the meal he is still working—still giving his time for others. Today, it is a young man who wants a private talk in which he pours out to Gandhiji all his difficulties in his endeavour to lead a life of pure celibacy. Even though he may control his body, his mind will wander; what is he to do? How is he to steady and cool his mind? Gandhiji gives him of his own experience and that of others whom he has known and helped. Pure reading, pure seeing, plenty of healthy exercise—if the case is a hard one, then tire yourself out with strenuous work each day and leave not a minute for evil thoughts. And then pure moderate feeding is an absolute necessity. If other passions are to be controlled, then the palate must be held in firm check. This leads to a long talk on dietetics, a subject to which Gandhiji has given great thought, and on which he has been experimenting throughout his life.

By this time many more hundreds of peasants have appeared and they are peeping through the trees to try to get a glimpse. The bolder ones have actually pressed right up to the matting enclosure and, in spite of all our efforts to persuade them, will not move away. So, at last, Gandhiji is obliged to get up from his work and go out into the midst of the people. There is immediately a rush, and men, women and children fall over one another in their efforts to reach him and touch his feet. But he waves them away and tells them to follow him to a little distance. At the outskirts of the camp he gathers them around him and addresses them as he did the morning meeting. And again he takes from them coppers and more coppers for the uplift of their still poorer brethren.

On returning to his little enclosure he sits down to spin, but, as there is still so much correspondence to get through, he calls for the shorthand writer and dictates letters. Letters to Indian leaders, letters to little children, letters to the sick and suffering, letters to various admirers all over the world. There is never any end to the correspondence that lies before him. The spinning finished (some hundred to hundred and fifty yards of fine cotton thread) he lies down, just there where he is sitting, on Mother Earth and goes to sleep. He has been up working without a break since 2:30 in the morning, i.e. ten hours, and the heat is anything from 100 to 110 degrees. After some thirty to forty minutes, he wakes up and straightway is at his correspondence again. But he has not been at it long when a deputation of Harijans arrives. He has them in, they sit down in front of him and pour out all their woes and sorrows. He listens to them in silence and then talks to them for a while in simple fatherly language. He tells them he will make enquiries into their grievances and see what can be done, and at the same time he advises them to help themselves as far as possible by self-purification and by the dropping of bad habits like drinking and meat-eating—if the efforts come from both sides it cannot take long for the situation to improve.

Already, before the Harijans have left, a deputation of local Orthodox Hindus is waiting outside. As soon as the Harijans have gone, they come in and express all their orthodox objections to the entry of Harijans into their houses or temples. They quote scriptures and talk loudly and long. Gandhiji listens to them with the same patience, and then quietly reasons with them.

The hour is now getting late—4:30 o'clock, and it is time for the evening meal at which he takes only fruit. By 5:30 all are again ready for the march. The peasants are crowding around in many hundreds, and the hot, dry air is thick with dust. When we get out into the road we find the way lined with villagers. It is the evening, and they are free from their work. Many join in the throng and follow on all the way to the evening camp, and, by the time we get there, we shall be a party of two or three thousand.

During the evening walk, just as in the morning, Gandhiji gives his time to those who are wishing to talk with him. This time it is a group of women from a local Women's Ashram, anxious to gather from him advice as to the best management of their institution. They are followed by a young Harijan student who wants to gain a scholarship, who is followed in his turn by the National Leader who had not finished his political talk in the morning.

By 7:30 or 8:00 p. m. we reach the evening camping place, hot, thirsty and covered in dust, owing to the crowds of villagers who have been following and surrounding us all the way. As soon as we reach our destination, we go to the public meeting arranged nearby. This is very much bigger than the morning meeting. Gandhiji at once speaks to the people, telling them to be quiet and reverent, as the first thing to take place is the evening prayer. They must sit upright and still, with closed eyes. (This closing of the eyes is more than they can achieve, for they gaze and gaze.) They must purify their hearts of all evil or unkind thoughts and they must give themselves in faith and devotion to God. In a few minutes the whole crowd becomes perfectly silent, and then the evening prayer begins. As soon as it is concluded, Gandhiji addresses the people on the vital need for the removal of untouchability, on self-purification, on the need to abjure all strong drinks, on the sin of child marriage, on the folly of purdah, and, last but not least, on the need to be self-supporting in the home, even to the extent of cloth, which means carding, spinning, weaving and the wearing of home-made cottons.

The meeting over, and the coppers collected, he comes to the night camp in an open field under the skies. There is an urgent article still unfinished which has got to be sent by a messenger to the nearest post-office many miles away. He is very tired and it is with difficulty that he can sit and write, but only when the article is finished does

he ultimately stretch himself upon the ground and rest his weary limbs.

This is one typical day in a life of unceasing service and prayer.

MIRABEN.*

III

Mahatma Gandhi and Socialism

What is Socialism? Should I look for the definition and its interpretation from the precepts and practices of that remarkable personality, the great Russian idol, Nicolai Lenin? May I rely on the theories and dreams of that philosopher, Karl Marx, for a conception of perfect Socialism? Can I admit the antithesis of Hitler as national Socialism? What about De Valera's Christian Socialism or Roosevelt's New Deal? Shall I, in despair, turn for my guidance to the varieties of British Socialism as expounded by Lansbury, Maxton, Cripps and others? These and similar other questions create a difficult dilemma for me, but my attempt at discovering Mahatma Gandhi's attitude towards such a confusion of principles and ideas is nothing short of probing into the mysteries of the unknown. My only comfort, however, is that they all aim at the amelioration of human suffering, although the methods adopted by the protagonists of one school of thought are actually antagonistic to those of all the rest. It is, therefore, in the methods of attaining the common ideal that I venture to explore and explain Gandhi's views on this latest of human aspirations, called Socialism.

Differences of forms, details and methods of realization apart, few people, least of all Mahatma Gandhi, will disagree with Socialism if it aims at establishing:

(1) Equality, fraternity and the elimination of class distinctions.

(2) Perfect democracy in Government.

(3) Nationalization of production and distribution for the common welfare.

(4) Elimination of war and its root causes like Capitalism, Imperialism and Ultra-Nationalism.

To grasp the implications of his ways to achieve these ideals, one must realize that, although his name and leadership are generally associated with the political liberation of India, Mahatma Gandhi is essentially a religious man. Not a dogmatic priest or preacher but a believer who must, himself, live the life of his faith to realize his ultimate destiny. Not a vain dreamer but a practical visionary who, in order to make his dreams come true, will start the apparently impossible task of emptying the ocean of misery with the tiny palm of his hand.

Believing in the efficacy of prayer, he spends considerable time in contemplation for the sake of his fellow beings. With implicit faith in his clean weapons of Ahimsa—Truth and Non-violence in thought, word and deed—he marches for conquest, seeking to reach his goal through suffering. Millions have followed him shouting with joy, "Lead kindly Light," and the Light shows the way to fight on a nobler plane of combat. ". . . We must meet their ungodliness by Godliness. We must meet their untruth by Truth. We must meet their craft and cunningness by openness and simplicity. We must meet their terrorism and frightfulness by bravery and patient suffering." This is his way to reach his ideal which is, to my mind, almost identical with the objects of Socialism as classified above. Let me, therefore, dwell upon the Mahatma's movements to pursue these objects.

"Equality," "Fraternity," "Comradeship" have of late become catch-words for abuse and exploitation. Everyone, and particularly a Socialist, knows that such terms are relative. The great scheme of nature itself will not permit of absolute equality. In any case, the Indian ideal of life interprets these precepts in its own way. For the sake of love and respect, and not because of any so-called slavementality, we do recognize the differences between great and small, elder and younger, teacher and disciple, and of course between Mahatma and Mister. Our outward manifestations of equality and comradeship of addressing one another as brother and sister are a proof of their being inborn and natural to us and it is not necessary to adopt the word "comrade" simply because of its Moscow hallmark.

Our Communist enthusiasts are angry because people do not call him "Comrade Gandhi" instead of "Mahatma." Gandhi himself in his humility resents being called a Mahatma, or people touching his feet, and goes so far as to say that if it were in his power he would enact a law making these practices criminal. He may one day get power, but I am afraid he will have to enact a special ordinance because his people would probably take a leaf out of his own book and start mass civil disobedience against that obnoxious piece of legislation.

In spite of the evils existing in India today—and I must confess there are many—which have lately been augmented in consequence of foreign domination, there is no denying the fact that the whole fabric of the original caste system, the joint family life, the village panchayats, and such other old institutions have all their root in that fraternity and comradeship. Gandhi wishes to reform and develop these instead of borrowing foreign garments which may not be fitted to the body-politic of India. His whole life-work for the uplift of the Harijans, his constant efforts at Hindu-Muslim unity, his unremitting zeal to eradicate crude class distinctions, his entire dedication to the service of the poor, and above all his great Khaddar and Village Industries' Movements, with all their economic advantages,—all these and the manifold activities of this one man have achieved wonders to infuse into the people's lives the essentials of equality, fraternity and comradeship.

Gandhi is a perfect democrat. He believes in the government of the people, for the people, by the people. Government constitutions must naturally vary according to the needs and desires of the people, and Indians will have the choice of their own when they have ultimately won their freedom. But a specimen of Gandhi's efforts in this direction may be gauged from the present constitution of the Indian National Congress, in the framing of which he took a leading part. The very qualification for membership and franchise is not money, property, or education, but a certain amount of labour. It is the democracy, and not the dictatorship, of the proletariat.

*Gandhi's English disciple, Miss Slade.

Gandhi is accused of supporting Monarchy. It is true, like many others, Gandhi does not think that Monarchy is inconsistent with Socialism. His conception of Monarchy is not the same as is generally understood; it is that of an ideal ruler—a state of Ram Rajya (as depicted in the life of the hero in the famous Hindu epic poem "Ramayana")—who is at once an incarnation of Truth, sacrifice, Ahimsa, and all the attributes of gods. He wishes to establish the Kingdom of God on earth and he leaves alone those who deny Him for the sake of republicanism.

The organization of Capital and Labour on the socialistic basis and Gandhi's views on these complicated problems are too vast a subject for this limited space. In industrialized Europe and America, the Socialist leaders do not all see eye to eye as to the practical shapes the Socialist principles should assume, and certainly their application for the mainly rural population of 700,000 villages of India does not call for any quack solution. While Gandhi believes in the equal distribution of wealth, he works for an equitable distribution which alone can lead to the ultimate realization of equal distribution. He is not against the organization of labour but desires it on the Indian lines as against the European systems where, in many cases, the release from the victimization by the Capitalist tyrants has only resulted in Labour being exploited by interested politicians. As he says, "Labour, in my opinion, must not become a pawn in the hands of politicians on the political chess-board. It must, by its sheer strength, dominate the chess-board." His living as the lowliest of the lowly and his regarding the possession of everything, except bare necessities, as "stealing" is a clear indication of his views on aggressive Capitalism. But apart from this he also seeks the moral and spiritual regeneration of India on the lines of Indian thought, Indian custom and Indian ideals. This means the exclusion, so far as possible, of the influence of the West with its industrial slavery, its materialism, its money worship and its wars.

One need not go far to seek his attitude on War Mania when one understands the Mahatma's uncompromising principle of non-violent resistance which he exhorts his followers to preach and practise as a real moral substitute for defense against even the mightiest combination for aggression. He will not subscribe to "wars of righteousness" except by "righteous means." For him a noble end does not justify foul means. His fight for the deliverance of India from the British yoke by non-violent means is the greatest attempt ever made against the most brutal imperialism the world has ever known.

Mahatma Gandhi's field of work is naturally his own native land and that gives an appearance of his outlook being Nationalistic. But he believes that India has a mission for the world. His idealism, therefore, transcends the boundaries of race and country and seeks to make itself one with the hopes of humanity. "My religion," he cries, "has no geographical limits. If I have a living faith in it, it will transcend my love for India herself."

Such is Gandhi, the Mahatma, the elevated soul and more. Such is he, the great, nay the greatest, because he is the servant of all. Such is that frail, almost fleshless and boneless figure, that "naked Fakir," yet perfect and universal man, whom my fellow countrymen adore and worship as the Saviour, flocking around him like devoted pilgrims at the holy shrine. He lives like Christ in love and truth, service and sacrifice. He strives like Christ for equality and justice, universal brotherhood and peace. And, so that others may live, one day he may nobly die like Christ for His Kingdom upon earth. If it could be possible for each country to produce a Gandhi, I say, IF it could be possible for such a dream, too wonderful a dream, to come true, then, Socialism or no Socialism, this world would transform itself to such a heaven of peace and prosperity and there would come that proverbial millennium that I, for one, would not look forward to or aspire for a higher life to come in the beyond.

KRISHNA VIR.

The Study Table

A Fellowship of Faiths

In 1893, at the famous World's Fair in Chicago, there assembled under the inspiration of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, founder and editor through forty years of UNITY, the first World Parliament of Religions. This assembly, which gathered together great religious leaders from every part of the inhabited globe and conducted meetings in which prayers in every tongue were spoken to Gods of every faith, marked "a new era of religious tolerance," a landmark in the spiritual history of mankind. It released an influence which carried to the four quarters of the world and has endured to this our day.

It was in the spirit of this great event, and to a certain extent in its memory, that at Chicago's second World's Fair or "Century of Progress," as it was called, there was held an International Congress of World Fellowship, under the auspices of the "World Fellowship of Faiths." Zealously prepared and ably managed, this Congress conducted eighty-three public meetings in the summer of 1934, addressed by distinguished leaders of thought and life from many countries. The Congress occupied a larger field than the Parliament of 1893, inasmuch as it represented races and nationalities as well as religions, and surveyed problems of race prejudice, national antagonisms, war and peace, poverty and crime, as well as specific questions of theology and religious faith. But the spirit was none other than that conjured into being so many years ago by Dr. Jones. The Congress was at its best a continuation and extension of the Parliament.

The record of the International Congress of World Fellowship is contained in this prodigious and handsome volume,* edited by Mr. Weller, General Executive of the World Fellowship of Faiths. It was Mr. Weller who in high vision conceived the Congress, and with resourcefulness and untiring labor realized his vision; it is the same man who now, with utter patience and determination, has gathered the addresses of the nearly two hundred speakers, and edited, classified and indexed them in this book which reaches to a total of 1,004 closely printed pages. Mr. Weller has reared a lasting monument to himself, which was not in his mind at all, and to his cause, which was very much in his mind. Posterity, as well as this contemporary age, will hold itself debtor to his labors.

The careful planning of the Congress—the range of its interest, the drastic radicalism of its thought, above all, the inclusive fellowship of its spirit—is illus-

*"World Fellowship." Addresses and Messages by Leading Spokesmen of all Faiths, Races and Countries. Edited by Charles Frederick Weller. Published by Liveright Publishing Corporation, New York, $3.

trated on every page of this voluminous register of what was said and done at the 1934 meetings. Illustrious names are as thick between these covers as blueberries in a new England. We search in vain for any religion, race, or important country not represented by recognized and honored leaders. Mahatma Gandhi, Jane Addams, John Dewey, Herbert Hoover, Romain Rolland, Sir Francis Younghusband, Percy Mackaye, Prof. William Ernest Hocking, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Norman Hapgood, Secretary Henry A. Wallace, Margaret Sanger, our own Dr. J. T. Sunderland and Curtis W. Reese—I select these names quite at random from among those which first attract my attention. Along with these are numerous ecclesiastical dignitaries from our own and foreign countries in Europe, Asia and Africa, distinguished American clergymen and rabbis, and public officials. The subjects discussed by these men and women cover the gamut of human concern in this peculiarly troubled age and represent a striking uniformity of excellence. As a symposium of present-day thought of high themes of political, cultural and religious interest, this volume is unrivalled by anything we chance to know.

This volume will of course find its way into all college and public libraries as an invaluable source-book. We commend it as well to ministers, scholars, students, and serious-minded laymen as fascinating and edifying reading. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A New Testament Detective Story

What an enticing and thrilling novel the famous New Testament scholar has produced!* It is mystery, detective story and romance, all rolled into one. Yes, a scholar can do something more than pore over old manuscripts and palimpsests! He can use all that technical knowledge about the reading and deciphering of manuscripts, his knowledge of history, mythology, geography and present-day political states to weave an exciting story. It is true that one notices what my fourteen year old son, George Fairbank, a sophomore in High School, calls Dr. Goodspeed's obviousness. At the reading of each new colophon, the reader can guess just about what will happen, although there are exceptions and surprises enough to make this a fascinating story even to a boy, whose reading demand at present is for excitement. That is why we tried it on our son; for if anything was exciting enough to hold him through 259 pages, we knew that this novel by a modern New Testament scholar, already more than famous as the translator of the New Testament, would meet this sophomoric test of our youngsters. If any of you take the hint and buy it for your youngsters for Christmas, we know who will be reading it after the son or daughter has finished it. Our one warning is, "Do not begin it late at night, as we did, unless, like us, you are willing to be up most of that same night."

The story starts when a Greek student working with the Associate Professor Windom discovers a colophon (inscription at end of a manuscript) with this curse in it,

> And whoever buys this book with his money,
> Whoever takes it away,
> Whoever reads what is written below,
> With the curse of the three hundred
> And eighteen holy and inspired fathers
> Who assembled in Nicea let him be smitten
> And let him be excommunicated.

The student is frightened; but Associate Professor Windom and the writer, known simply as Chris (for the book is in the first person throughout), find it fascinating. Chris is to sail for Europe for the summer to do some work for the Council of Learned Societies, so he decides to stop at the library of St. Gall's in Switzerland to see if the manuscript, from which the curse has been copied, has more to reveal. The meeting on the boat with Laetitia, charming girl student of classical lore; their explorations together in Europe, especially in the libraries and among the manuscripts; Tish's (for that is Laetitia's abbreviated name) finding of old friends, the McAllisters, Marcia and her world-traveled brother, with whom they finally decide to seek the treasure on the San Paolo, the McAllister yacht; the entrance of the villains, the Arvakis brothers, Castor and Pollux; and their various and exciting experiences before reaching the monastery in which a later manuscript (so the re-agents and ultra-violet lamp revealed) told of treasure—all is told with breathless excitement. And the treasure is none other than the contents of the library of Byzantium, supposed to have been destroyed when the Turks captured this ancient seat of Roman and early Christian civilization; but now said by Parthenius, the Studite, to be in one of two places. Which Manuscript was the later in date? Did the Arvakis brothers, anxious only for the priceless manuscripts and sacred relics for commercial purposes, have information that Tish and Chris lacked? All these items in the plot must be saved for those wise enough to wile away two or three hours with this fascinating story.

No doubt Dr. Goodspeed's technique of story-telling may be criticized by the literary folk on various grounds. Yet he has a style and a charming, if obvious, one. There is lasting value in his vivid and accurate descriptions of the seacoast of the Adriatic, Aegean and Black Seas. Like Fosdick's *A Pilgrimage to Palestine,* it is fascinating to have the modern and newly named seaports identified with classical or mythological heroes of Greece and Rome. Hercules, Jason *et alii,* down to the young Turks and Russian Soviets, dance delightfully through the volume.

The denouement in the ancient monastery at Soumela may become one of the masterpieces of fiction. One must read it to appreciate it. The stately abbot, the self-controlled Mr. McAllister, his sister, with Tish and Chris after the treasure has been unearthed with the help of one of the villains (!). It is a thrilling scene. It is here in our thought that Dr. Goodspeed lets us into the secret, or part of it, of why the religion of the Greek Orthodox Church has such a hold upon those who have been brought up in it. For a few moments the different types of Christianity open the Heaven of true brotherliness and effacing of self to our gaze! In the case of the old woman Tish called a witch with her curse on their expedition at Pola, he shows us the value, for the masses of semi-superstitious people of the Roman Catholic rites, of blessing where a curse has been pronounced. But there is a crescendo in such appreciations of other forms of religious expression by people so different from ourselves that reaches its zenith in the scene at the Soumela monastery, perched high up on the face of a cliff. These appreciations alone make the tale more than worth while and fit for a wide reading.

Of course, there is the love story in it. What would a novel be to most folks without its love story.

*"The Curse in the Colophon," by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Willett, Clark and Co., Chicago and New York. $2.

This, too, is beautifully developed and should prove that two scholarly minds can likewise make good mates for each other. We have given little, if any, insight into the thrilling adventures that take all the resources of the scholar and the detective to solve. These make the book alluring and perhaps the vehicle for some adequate appreciation of scholarly problems and inter-religious appreciations to be grasped by its readers.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

A Great Teacher

Let this autobiography* promptly be translated into several European languages and read abroad! Our European friends have heard about Main Street and the sordid side of America, now let them discover the other side.

Here is a full-length portrait of an eminent American. And yet Professor Perry's life is not out of the ordinary. He struggled, worked, and conquered the baffling elements in his environment, knowing what it meant to be poor as well as rich. And yet his is the peaceful life of the spirit. He early sought out the masterpieces of literature and the masterpieces of the creative power in the Universe. He "let down his bucket where he was" and became a teacher of men. His pupils number Americans and Europeans and a multitude of others. Many who read the autobiography will feel, as this reviewer does, that Bliss Perry is one of his unseen but unforgettable teachers. Many who never saw his classroom will praise him as long as praise endures. Bliss Perry represents American education at its best.

These reminiscences give a picture of a modest man. How unlike the shrieks and wails and frustrated experiments of many neurotic revelations that pass today for autobiography! Professor Perry is always a sane, unperturbed, honest scholar-teacher, never a pedant, nor a purveyor of unimportant erudition. He subordinated philology to literature, and literature to life. Back of it all he saw a definite purpose—to lead developing minds and inquiring spirits to repose and appreciation. A mellowed New Englander, he has none of the intolerance of the Hebrew Prophets nor of the seventeenth century Puritans. Yet he has the moral qualities that men have admired in both. He was at home with the greatest of his generation: Woodrow Wilson, Charles W. Eliot, William James. He has been equally at home with Chaucer, Shakespeare and Emerson.

As Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* as interpreter of Emerson, Whitman and the art of Isaac Walton, he has reached his seventy-fifth birthday. But "Emeritus" to him means a new beginning. He has now all the elements of youth. He hates war with the glow of a great vision. His is the creative spirit. He has passed symbolically from Congregationalism into the Society of Friends and is sure that "that transcendent relationship which we call 'religion' . . . is something to be lived. . . ." Professor Perry in all this is nearest to Emerson of any other American. Let us hope that he will now crown his day's work with the definitive biography of Emerson, for the writing of which his whole being is so eminently fitted.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.

*"And Gladly Teach. Reminiscences," by Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 315 pp. 1935.

Challenge to Liberals

Professor Horton, successor to the distinguished Henry Churchill King at Oberlin, is a scholar who can make theology come alive. His earlier books have been widely read because, among other reasons, they are great reading. This latest volume* is no exception. To the serious mind it is as exciting as a detective story. I could not turn the pages fast enough, and to the end was held in a state of tension not unlike that prompted by thrilling drama. And if the book is thus fascinating, it is also important. Like anything else Professor Horton has writen, this is a work to be reckoned with.

In essence, it is a slashing attack upon religious liberalism. By liberalism, Professor Horton means the nineteenth century liberal Orthodox school, as led by Horace Bushnell and George A. Gordon, and the Unitarian school as led by Theodore Parker and John Fiske. Characteristic of these leaders, as indeed of the times in which they lived, was a predominant optimism as regards the nature and destiny of man. Into the world, under the impulse of growing scientific knowledge and material prosperity, and through the influence of that comfortable economic middle class to which most liberals belonged, there had come a stout confidence and sunny faith which overwhelmed all doubt and even serious concern for the future. God was a Father and his rule a Providence which was easily identified with the law of Progress which now seemed to be so certainly established in the secular realm. Nothing could interfere with man's ultimate and full salvation. Still was the race doomed, as in the beginning, but now to life and heaven and not to death and hell.

It is this liberal optimism which Professor Horton rejects *in toto.* He insists that the collapse of our proud but empty civilization has shown how utterly superficial is such an interpretation of man and God. This world is much more terrible, and humanity is much more depraved than we have recently imagined. The change in our viewpoint is most apparent in the central problem of sin. The religious liberal has neglected, minimized, even denied, the fact of sin. He has emphasized the divinity and, therefore, essential goodness of human nature. If men do wrong, it is not because they are wicked or weak, but rather because they do not know any better. The liberal has thought of "ignorance instead of sin as the root of all evil." But all this is now gone. Sin has suddenly become a momentous fact. Old Calvin was right. "I believe," says Professor Horton, "that orthodox Christianity represents a profound insight into the whole human predicament . . . that the basic difficulty is the perversion of the will, that betrayal of a divine trust, which is called sin . . . that sin is in a sense a racial disease transmitted from generation to generation." Such sin, he also believes, is helpless to redeem itself. There is no salvation except from God. "Unless the grace of God shall attack and cure this disease, neither science nor any other form of human effort will ever save man."

It is the presentation of this neo-Calvinism which constitutes the content of this book. After describing the breakdown of liberalism, which he

*"Realistic Theology," by Walter Marshall Horton. Harper and Brothers, New York. A Religious Book Club Selection. 207 pp. $2.50.

pictures as complete, the author presents in detail the predicament of modern men as they face a cosmos which they cannot grasp, a social order which they cannot control, and souls which they cannot save. Out of the substance of this despair, he rears the structure of a realistic theology which he believes may stand the strain of the stern conditions of this age. At its heart he places a new concept of Providence as a justice which is inexorable in its punishment of sin, and a grace which seeks ever to seize and save mankind. At its extremity he finds Christ and the Church as the media of this grace. At the crown of the whole, he works out a plan of salvation which, for all its "realism," is not so different from what liberals have always preached.

It is this ending of the book, which swings right back to where Theodore Parker stood nearly a generation ago, that stirs doubt as to whether religious liberalism is as dead as Professor Horton would have us believe. This doubt is increased by his citing "the love of truth, the appeal to experience, the readiness to accept new knowledge from any well-attested source," as elements of realism, and then conceding that these are "enduring elements of strength in liberalism." Even in his indictment of the liberal's trust in man, Professor Horton seems to be on dubious ground. For the liberal was never blind to the defects of human nature. The great Parker, while rejecting *Sin* as a state, was always talking about *sins* as acts. If the liberal was optimistic—in an optimistic age!—this is evidence not that his faith was unsound, but that it was over-sanguine. The liberal was mistaken in his estimate not of the power of man but of the stubbornness of the world with which man has to contend. Like the Allied governments in the Great War, he forecast too early and too easy a victory. Yet he had seen, as Professor Horton records with admirable candor, man's material conquest of nature. Why should he not anticipate, and still anticipate today, man's spiritual conquest of human nature?

What Professor Horton fails to see is the rootage of evil in social maladjustment. If man does not or cannot save himself today, it is because he is caught in a sudden complexity of political and economic conditions too intricate for his knowledge to grasp and therefore his will to handle. Russia has shown what simplicity in terms of equity can do not only for justice but for virtue—a challenge to his thesis which Professor Horton recognizes and answers lamely enough. A genuine realism must grapple with the social question. But Professor Horton turns away to a mystic concept of sin which has as little foundation now as in the days of Paul, and to a dogmatic postulate of grace which is as fantastic as in the days of Augustine. This may not be defeatism, as Professor Horton vigorously protests, but it is resort to desperate remedies not rendered more efficacious by association with century-old superstitions.

But my last word must be a tribute of admiration to this powerful and arresting book. To no readers can it be so useful as to liberals themselves. It will shock them out of all complacency, and challenge them to new consideration of a faith made shallow and sentimental by soft days now forever at an end. Professor Horton will teach them that human nature has deeper and darker reaches, and the world a more forbidding fate, than they have imagined. He will show them that optimism of the nineteenth century model is today indecent as well as false. And, like a prophet, he will rouse them to labors commensurate with the conviction that man is not inadequate to, nor yet unworthy of, his task of salvation. The most brilliant theological work of the day will thus render its best service to those whose ideas it repudiates and whose destiny it denies.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Ecce Dies!

Behold the Day! the day expected long,
Against defeat; against all hope deferred,
Whatever sickness of the heart occurred;
How seemingly secure the brutal strong;
Scaffold and throne reversed to serve the wrong;
Democracy itself a mocking word
So was Barabbas evermore preferred;
The hope persistent but a dreamer's song.
When seemed it more an idle song than now?
When more a very fool's insistent dream?
Man's utmost wisdom dedicate to death.
Yet, even as the Winter solstice saith
The step of Springtime, midnight's faintest gleam
Against all darkness, doth the dawn avow.

ROBERT WHITAKER

Correspondence

Birth Control

Editor of UNITY:

The November 18 issue of UNITY has just arrived. We are happy to read Dr. Holmes' stirring editorial on Italy and to see that you were able to find place for the material on "Economic Security and Birth Control."

I hope you will be able to find space for the following notice:

"Beginning December 10, a series of Birth Control Luncheons will be held in Washington, D. C., at the Women's City Club, every Tuesday (12:30 to 2:00 P. M.). The meetings are open to the public, and the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control, which is sponsoring the series, hopes that all readers of UNITY who find themselves in Washington on a Tuesday will participate.

Dr. Prentiss Wilson, eminent Washington Obstetrician and Chairman of the National Medical Committee on Contraceptive Legislation, was the first speaker, giving *The Physician's Viewpoint*. The Reverend Russell J. Clinchy, Minister of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, will speak on December 17. The following Tuesdays, Christmas and New Year's Eve, will be open round-table discussions of Birth Control problems, and an interesting group of speakers from varying fields is being scheduled for January. All readers of UNITY will find a warm welcome."

STELLA HANAU, *Educational Director*
National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control.

Unity in England

Editor of UNITY:

We do always deeply appreciate and value your paper, UNITY, but I have just been having an enforced few days in bed and have thus had the opportunity to appreciate the paper more than usual! My very best wishes for the future. . . .

H. RUNHAM BROWN, *Hon. Secretary,*
War Resisters International.
London, England